

Outhouses

By Rhea Lewis

I remember my mother telling me about how she and her six sisters learned to dance. They would dance on their way to the outhouse. The older ones would teach the younger ones. While this did not happen in Lehi it was when Alta Wanlass was a young women in Idaho.

She said that Grandma Butler would scrub all the interior with bleach and a brush. They had flypaper hanging from the ceiling. Of course they used old magazines or catalogs for the toilet paper.

I have a picture of the one still on my Aunt's farm in Idaho. Lynette and Andy Harris and Gary and I went there last year. Andy and Lynette wanted us to bring the outhouse home with us in the back of the truck. Imagine the outhouse in the back of the truck.

This outhouse has two holes, but the people must have been real small. Only one of us could barely fit in it at any time. .